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Explorant adversa viros.

SIL. ITAL.

'Tis Disappointment and regret alone
By which our failings & our faults are known.

WE proceed to present to our readers a further portion of our budget of miscellaneous communications. We unavoidably publish them without particular order or connection, & in the manner in which they present themselves. The first is from a country buck

"THINKING GENTLEMEN,

"I am a youth of twenty one, and am 6 foot 9 inches in height. My form I must confess is not the most graceful, and ~~my~~ the leanness of my person has given much license to the wits of the parish. But, gentlemen, I am bold to say that I possess a mind superior to natural obstacles; & I therefore am disgusted with a country life, because it affords no field for the exercise of the social qualities. Impressed with these ideas, last week I sallied down to town, looked as decent as possible, and contrived to get into company. Being rather unused to what you townsmen call <u>etiquette</u>, I thought it best to act as nature prompted. I therefore brought my cane with

me into the room, rapped my boots with it, took up the whole of the sofa, snuffed the candles with an air, was lost in contemplation, and took frequent pinches from my boite à tabac. Then I continued (as now) to shew that I understood French, though I must confess that all the instruction I ever had was from an old negro woman who had been in the West Indies. But in spite of all my endeavors to pass for a man of ease, fashion, & breeding, I perceived that the young ladies were laughing at me amongst themselves in the most provoking manner; and I fear that I was taken for a complete fool. I immediately retired to my native seclusion; but happening

to ~~take~~ observe that you had published several letters from various characters, I thought it expedient to ask your advice upon my best mode of attaining the character of a man of fashion &c. Relying upon your judgment I remain

"Yours till death

"TIMOTHY DULLARD

We can only recommend to our worthy correspondent to remain in the country, and to let his ideas descend to the different modes of planting cabbage-seed, instead of endeavoring to do what nature never designed him for. From this letter we gladly turn to one of a more serious cast.

"Dear sirs,

"At the close of a long life spent in useless and unprofitable employment, I would sit down to recall the past, and convey through your means my ideas to my fellow-beings. If my endeavors succeed in convincing a single person of the folly of going as I have done, I shall think the labor bestowed amply repaid.

"I received a good education, and had every opportunity for improvement My perceptions were quick, my ardor always was alive, and I ~~received~~ acquired knowledge with facility, and retained it without confusion. But unfortunately for me I became a speculator. I theorised in my studies, till I became lost in my own mystifications. I learned to dispute on the most trivial points, and to raise up new hypotheses, to

reconcile which to reason and to common sense employed every faculty of my mind. Sophistry was called into my aid; and I became in a short time as complete a theorist as ever existed.

"When I left college, it was not to be supposed that I could abandon this habit of speculating. I was had always been intended for a profession, but my mind found insurmountable difficulties in every one which was proposed. As I had sufficient to keep me above want, I was not compelled by necessity to make a choice; but continued to pursue my studies privately, and to amuse myself with fresh theories and fresh inconsistencies. I speculated upon mind and matter till I disbelieved my own existence; I speculated upon virtue and vice,

till I proved them absurdities; I speculated upon a supreme being, till I became an Atheist. My friends at length began to desert me, and the man who speculated on every subject of human enquiry was soon left isolated, amid the mass of his own contradictions.

'Disgusted with my fellow-beings, I became a complete misanthrope. I learned to loathe the human form, and retiring into total solitude, I continued my useless researches. The volumes upon volumes which my industry had compiled, were reviewed with a keener eye, and new objections were started to every thing I had before believed. Years past away, in endeavoring to reconcile the contradictions which forced themselves upon my observation; and when years had been wasted

in this most unprofitable of all the means of spending time, I at last discovered my folly. I grew sick at the recollection of what I had done, and of what I had been; the feelings of nature began to return; I mingled with men again; I took up my neglected Bible, I conversed with the wise and the pious, and I at last arose from my degradation, "emancipated & disenthralled."

"But I am now far advanced in years. The past cannot be recalled, and too little remains of the future for me to perform any benefit to mankind which can be of ~~long~~ long duration. I must now live in unavailing regret for a long and useless life, which the darkness of the grave shall soon overwhelm forever. I must mourn

over the wreck of all that was in me that might have adorned and embellished society; over employments which did harm instead of good; over speculations which ended in my ruin.

"Had I never been a speculator, I might at least have lived a comparatively happy and useful life. The stores of my mind might have been bestowed on better purposes; the voice of reason, instead of being lost in the darkling mazes of sophistry and self-delusion, might have directed my fellow-men in their course, and assisted them in their endeavors.

"But providence has seen fit thus to deal with me, and I must acquiesce in his decision. To repine would be to relapse into the atheism I now abhor. But

let those who peruse this letter, take heed lest they fall like me. Let them not weave the tangled web which led me astray. Let not their own hands prepare the toil in which I was taken. And above all, let them remember, that speculation in matters of religion, is the most to be dreaded. The mysteries which baffle human reason, must not be scrutinized by human speculation. The attempt is dangerous; the sequel is too often awful in the extreme.

"If the sorrows of a heart bowed down to the grave by regret for past misconduct; if the sighs of one who sees that all that he has done must be wiped from the memory of man as disgraceful & unprofitable; if the ~~experience~~ unanswerable wisdom of experience, can have any influence upon the heart, those

who read these lines, will tremble in their career, if like me they have commenced their lives by being speculators. I am one of those few, who have survived the recall of reason. All are not like me brought to a sense of their past folly; they go down to the grave, their memory loaded with reproach, and their lives remembered as altogether without a single trace of usefulness. At the best, a life as mine has been, is but one continued round of disappointment, doubt, and perplexity. The mists of scepticism and of speculation are full of gloom and unhappiness; and believe me, gentlemen, that the worst evil that can befal a man in every other respect calculated for usefulness and for enjoyment in life, is

to follow the example, and attain the character of a

"SPECULATOR."

E.